MARVEL
44
BRISSON
FERREYRA
OLD MAN
LOGAN

OLD MAN LOGAN

BULLSEYE RETURNS
PART TWO

SURVIVING A FUTURE KNOWN AS THE WASTELANDS, WHERE EVERYTHING GOOD IN THE WORLD, INCLUDING HIS FAMILY, WAS DESTROYED, OLD MAN LOGAN AWOKE IN THE PRESENT DETERMINED TO PREVENT THIS CATASTROPHIC REALITY FROM EVER COMING TO PASS. NOW, LOGAN TRIES TO FIND HIS PLACE IN A WORLD NOT QUITE HIS OWN.

PREVIOUSLY IN OLD MAN LOGAN...

LOGAN'S HEALING FACTOR IS MYSTERIOUSLY WEAKENING. INJURIES THAT NORMALLY WOULD HAVE HEALED RAPIDLY, AREN'T. WITHOUT THE HELP OF A DANGEROUS PHARMACEUTICAL CALLED REGENIX TO BOOST HIS HEALING, LOGAN IS MORE VULNERABLE THAN EVER.

SURE-SHOT ASSASSIN BULLSEYE RECENTLY MURDERED SARA DEWEY, A JOURNALIST AND ASSOCIATE OF LOGAN'S. FEELING RESPONSIBLE FOR HER DEATH, LOGAN JOINED FORCES WITH VENDETTA (A.K.A. JOY JONES), A BOUNTY HUNTER ALSO SEEKING REVENGE ON BULLSEYE.

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NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.
YOU'RE TOUGHER THAN I THOUGHT, BULLET.
WHEN...I... GET...OUT OF... HERE...I'M... GONNNA...
YOU'LL WHAT? KILL ME?
DON'T THINK SO, CHUBS.
LOOK WHAT I FOUND.

YOUR KID LOOKS LIKE A NERD.
YOU DON'T TELL ME WHAT I WANT, HE'S GONNA BE A DEAD NERD. AN INTERRED NERD.
YOU UNDERSTAND?
STAY... AWAY...FROM... HIM.
FROM THE TOP...
YOU CAME AT ME IN COLOMBIA,* WHICH, REALLY...
...SHOWS A LOT OF AMBITION, BUT YOU WERE *WAY* OUT OF YOUR WEIGHT CLASS.
YOU HAD A CHICK WITH YOU. BLACK HAIR, HAD A BEEF WITH ME FOR SOME REASON.
*SEE *BULLSEYE: THE COLOMBIAN CONNECTION* TPB.
YOU KILLED...HER... HUSBAND...
I'VE KILLED *A LOT* OF PEOPLE'S HUSBANDS.
YOU DON'T SEE *THEM* COMING AFTER ME WITH GUNS, DO YOU?
NOW, BEFORE YOU ANSWER THE NEXT QUESTION, LOOK INTO YOUR KID'S STUPID NERD EYES AND CHOOSE YOUR WORDS CAREFULLY.

WHAT'S THAT BROAD'S NAME AND WHERE DO I FIND HER?
I...I DON'T KNOW... I...
...WAIT...
JOY... YEAH...HER NAME WAS JOY...
SHE HIRED US...ME...TO TRACK YOU... DOWN...
JOY WHAT?
I DON'T KNOW...
...BUT...WE LEFT HER... THERE...
...YOU WERE... THERE TOO... YOU, ME AND SHOTGUN...
...STOLE THE HELICARRIER... FLEW BACK TO NEW YORK...
DOESN'T HELP ME MUCH.
I...DON'T KNOW! BARELY... KNEW HER...NOT LIKE WE...EXCHANGE... CHRISTMAS CARDS...
FAR... AS I... KNOW...
SHE'S STILL... IN COLOMBIA... EATING AREPAS.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR MAN SHOTGUN?
HE KEEP IN TOUCH WITH HER?
NO...
I SHOULD *PROBABLY* ASK HIM MYSELF.
WHERE IS HE?
NOT... GIVING UP...MY PARTNER...
THIS PLACE IS A PIGSTY, BULLET.
YOU SHOULD TAKE MORE PRIDE IN YOUR HOME.
HOW LONG'S IT BEEN SINCE YOU WASHED A DISH?
LOOK...NO MATTER HOW THIS GOES DOWN, I'M *GOING* TO *KILL* YOU.
BUT, I'LL LET YOU MAKE A CHOICE.
YOUR PARTNER OR YOUR KID.

ALL OF THIS...

JOY'S APARTMENT.
HARLEM, NEW YORK.
...ALL THESE PEOPLE...
...KILLED IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS, SINCE YOU AND HE BEAT THE CRAP OUT OF EACH OTHER IN MIDTOWN.
YOU MEAN SINCE I BEAT THE CRAP OUT OF HIM.

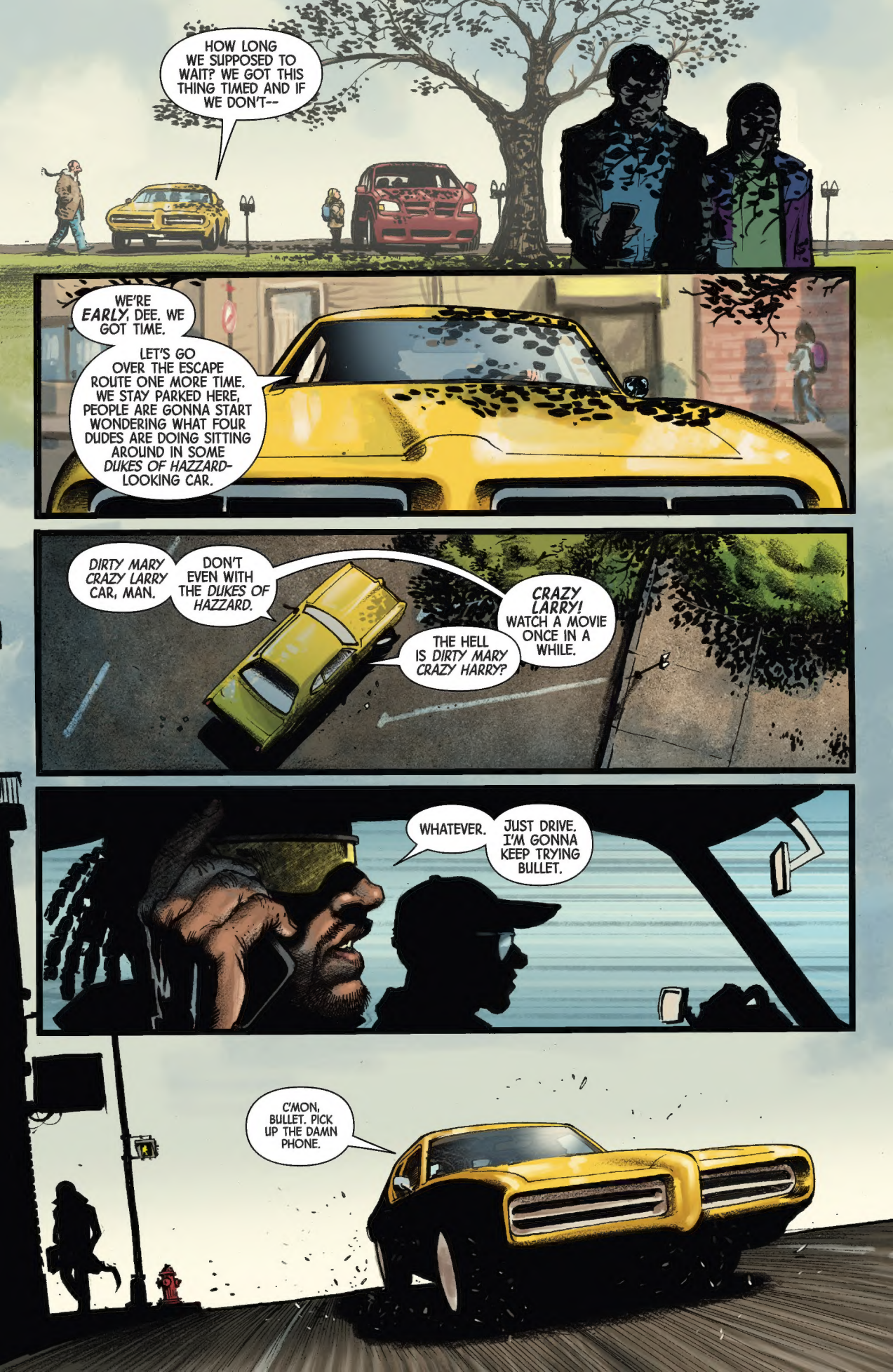
NOT HOW I HEARD IT.
WHAT HIS AGENT TOLD US CHECKS WITH WHAT I SUSPECTED.
HE'S GOING AFTER EVERYONE HE'S HAD...
...I DON'T KNOW...NOT EVERYONE HE HAS BEEF WITH.
SEEMS LIKE EVERYONE HE'S WORKED WITH SINCE HIS BIG RETURN FROM THE DEAD. BUT MOST OF THESE ARE SMALL-TIME COMPARED TO DAREDEVIL AND EVERYONE ELSE HE'S USUALLY PUNCHING IT OUT WITH.

MAYBE IT'S... PRACTICE? MAYBE HE'S SHAKING OFF THE RING RUST, TRYING TO GET THE FEEL BACK BEFORE GOING AFTER THE BIG BOYS.
I DON'T KNOW.

MAYBE HE FEELS EMASCULATED BY YOU BEATING HIM SO BADLY? FEELS HE'S GOT TO PROVE THAT HE'S AS DANGEROUS AS HE THINKS HE IS.
OR MAYBE HE'S JUST CRAZY.
MAYBE.

EITHER WAY, HE'S GOING TO KNOW THE EXPLOSION DIDN'T KILL US.
THAT WE'RE STILL DRAWING BREATH.
WE NEED TO FIND HIM BEFORE HE FINDS US.
I'VE BEEN TRACKING HIM FOR MONTHS.
THAT WAS THE CLOSEST I'VE COME TO HIM.
I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE LIVES, WHERE HE OPERATES FROM.
I'D BEEN SITING ON HIS AGENT, WAITING FOR HIM TO POP UP THERE AND NOW WE'VE LOST THAT LEAD.
YOU TOOK OFF YOUR HELMET AT THE AGENT'S.
YOU REALLY GOTTA STOP DOING THAT.
WE HAVE TO ASSUME BULLSEYE WAS WATCHING THE WHOLE THING. THAT HE SAW YOUR FACE.
ANYONE HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO USE TO GET TO YOU?
YOU'RE THE BIGGER FISH. THE NOTE HE LEFT MENTIONED YOU, NOT ME.
MAYBE HE'LL GO TO THE... X-MANSION? X-CAMPUS? WHAT ARE THEY CALLING IT THESE DAYS?
HE'S CRAZY, NOT STUPID.
I MEAN... THE ONLY PEOPLE HE KNOWS I KNOW ARE A COUPLE OF MERCENARIES NAMED BULLET AND SHOTGUN.
I HIRED THEM TO HELP ME TRACK HIM DOWN IN COLOMBIA.
YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND THEM?
SURE.
LET'S START THERE.

BRIDGEWATER, NEW JERSEY.
GLENWOOD MORRIS BANK
WHY THE HELL DID YOU BRING A TWO-DOOR?
BECAUSE THIS THING'S BUILT FOR SPEED. YOU WANT TO OUTRUN THE COPS OR BRING YOUR KIDS TO SOCCER PRACTICE?
WE AIN'T GONNA BE THAT SPEEDY WHEN WE HAVE TO POP THE SEATS DOWN JUST SO WE CAN GET INTO THE DAMN CAR IN THE FIRST PLACE.
SHOTGUN, WHERE THE HELL IS BULLET?
DON'T KNOW, SPIT. HE'S NOT PICKING UP HIS PHONE.
NOT LIKE WE GOT ENOUGH ROOM IN THIS CAR FOR HIM, ANYWAY.
JET'S RIGHT. IT'S CRAMPED AS HELL BACK HERE ALREADY.


HOW LONG WE SUPPOSED TO WAIT? WE GOT THIS THING TIMED AND IF WE DON'T--
WE'RE EARLY, DEE. WE GOT TIME.
LET'S GO OVER THE ESCAPE ROUTE ONE MORE TIME. WE STAY PARKED HERE, PEOPLE ARE GONNA START WONDERING WHAT FOUR DUDES ARE DOING SITTING AROUND IN SOME DUKES OF HAZZARD-LOOKING CAR.
DIRTY MARY CRAZY LARRY CAR, MAN.
DON'T EVEN WITH THE DUKES OF HAZZARD.
CRAZY LARRY! WATCH A MOVIE ONCE IN A WHILE.
THE HELL IS DIRTY MARY CRAZY HARRY?
WHATEVER.
JUST DRIVE. I'M GONNA KEEP TRYING BULLET.
C'MON, BULLET. PICK UP THE DAMN PHONE.

BZZZTT!!
NNNNN...
C'MON...
BZZZZTT!!
SNAP
SNAP
BZZZT!
ARRRGH!
BZZZT!!
BZZZT!
BZZZTT!
DAMMIT...
NFFFF...
INCOMING CALL

BULLET, ARE YOU--
I THINK WE'RE TOO LATE.
THWAP
GET... OFF...
I...
I'LL...KILL... YOU!
BULLET! IT'S ME!
JOY JONES!
I'M... WE'RE HERE TO HELP!
YOU...

THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!
EASY THERE, BIG GUY.
LIKE THE LADY SAID, WE'RE JUST HERE TO HELP.
MY SON'S LIFE IS IN DANGER BECAUSE OF YOU!
GRAAAAAH!
CALM DOWN...
...OR I PULL THE TRIGGER AND REDECORATE YOUR KITCHEN WALL WITH YOUR BRAINS.
NOT THAT ANYONE WOULD NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE IN THIS PIGSTY.
HUFF
HUFF
HUFF

FINE...
YOU GOTTA STOP TAKING YOUR HELMET OFF.
SO YOU KEEP TELLING ME.
WHERE'S BULLSEYE, BULLET?
ST. THOMAS AQUINAS...MIDDLE SCHOOL...IN SCARSDALE.
THAT'S... WHERE...MY SON IS.
YOU... SAVE MY... SON...BRING HIM SOMEWHERE... SAFE...
...THEN...
...I TELL YOU...WHERE... BULLSEYE...IS...
FINE, I'LL GET SOMEONE ON IT.
HELLO?
LOGAN?
GLOB, I NEED YOU TO DO ME A FAVOR.
GET A PEN.

HANDS IN THE AIR!
DO AS WE SAY AND NO ONE GETS--
THWAAK!
UNGGGGH.
JET! THEY KILLED--
SHUNK!
SON OF A...
FINALLY!

I'VE BEEN WAITING HERE *FOREVER.*

RAN OUT OF BODIES TO PLAY WITH ABOUT A HALF AN HOUR AGO!

NO. NO. FORGET THIS. I'M NOT DEALING WITH YOUR CRAZY ASS AGAIN.

BLAM

BLAM

KRAK!

KRAK

KRAK!

SHUNK!!

SHRAK!

FWAK!

FWAK!

FWAK!

FWAK!

UNGH!

GUHHHHN...

THAT WAS VERY RUDE OF YOU, SHOTGUN.

I JUST WANTED TO TALK.

CAN'T WE TALK?

WHAT... DO...YOU... WANT?

SEE, THAT WASN'T TOO HARD, WAS IT?

I WANT TO KNOW WHERE THE GIRL FROM COLOMBIA IS.

WHAT GIRL?

DON'T PLAY WITH ME.

I'M NOT PLAYING. WHAT GIRL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

THE FBI CHICK YOU WERE WORKING FOR. JOY SOMETHING.

HER? I DUNNO... MAN.

WE LEFT HER ASS IN COLOMBIA...

I DON'T KNOW WHERE SHE IS NOW.

NOT THE ANSWER I WAS LOOKING FOR.

LOOK UP, BULLSEYE...

BLAM!

...THAT "CHICK" IS RIGHT HERE.
CHICK-CHAK!
LEAVE HIM TO ME.
SNIKT!
SNIKT!
ALL RIGHT!
SHUNK
NOW IT'S A PARTY!

GLENWOOD MORRIS BANK
WEEE-OOOOOOWEEE-OOOOOOWEEE-OOOOOO

THE HELL?
YOU ABLE TO GET ANY OF THE EMPLOYEES ON THE PHONE?
NO, SIR. NO ONE'S ANSWERING.
WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO ACCESS SECURITY FOOTAGE AND...
...IT'S NOT GOOD.
OUT WITH IT, JORDAN.

THERE ARE TWO COSTUMES INSIDE. ONE UNKNOWN TO US...
...THE OTHER IS BULLSEYE, SIR.
JORDAN

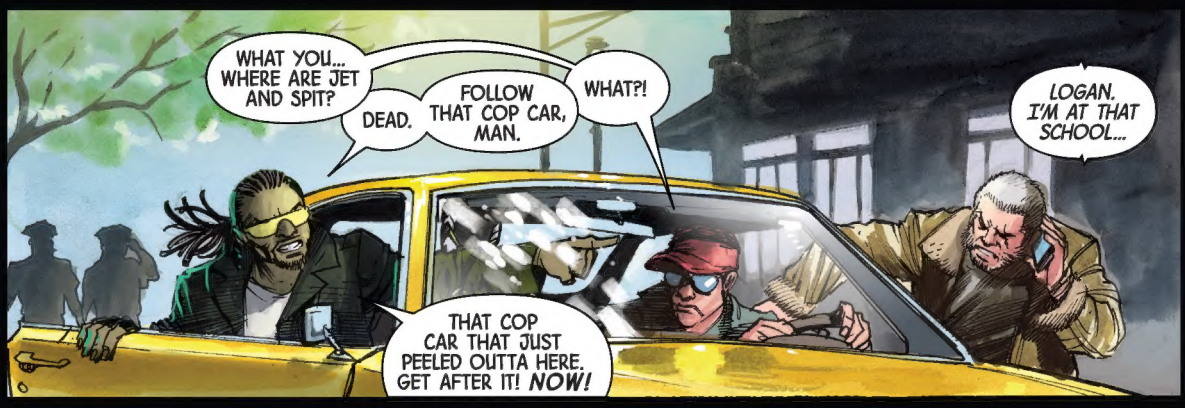
GREAT.
JUST...
...GREAT.
THOMPSON

BULLSEYE!
WE KNOW THAT YOU'RE IN THERE.
SARAH HAD TWO KIDS, YOU BASTARD.
KRAK
THWAK
THERE'S NO NEED FOR ANYONE TO GET HURT
YOU TOOK HER FROM THEM...AND FOR WHAT?
COME OUT WITH OUR HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEAD
YOU OKAY?
MY HANDS ARE CUT TO HELL AND I'M OUT MY TWO FAVORITE SHOTGUNS, BUT I'LL LIVE.
BOO-HOO!
I GREW UP WITHOUT A MOM AND I CAME OUT JUST FINE.
BESIDES, YOU WERE THE ONE WHO BROUGHT HER INTO ALL THIS, LOGAN. NOT ME.
SO, IF YOU'RE LOOKING TO CAST BLAME...

...MAYBE YOU SHOULD DO A LITTLE SELF-REFLECTION, HUH?
DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
FWAK
BULLSEYE, YOU'RE UNDER--
THWAK
THWAK
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
SKREEE
DAMMIT!
WE'RE TOO CLOSE. I'M NOT GOING TO LOSE HIM AGAIN.
BZZZT BZZZT

BZZZZT!!
I GOT A GETAWAY DRIVER. BEST IN ALL OF JERSEY.
WE'LL CATCH THAT BASTARD.
LET'S MOVE, THEN!

FREEZE!
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
YO! WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS! PUT YOUR GUNS AWAY.
STAND DOWN, OFFICERS.


WHAT YOU... WHERE ARE JET AND SPIT?
DEAD.
FOLLOW THAT COP CAR, MAN.
WHAT?!
LOGAN. I'M AT THAT SCHOOL...
THAT COP CAR THAT JUST PEELED OUTTA HERE. GET AFTER IT! NOW!

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS MIDDLE SCHOOL. SCARSDALE, NEW YORK.
SCHOOL
BULLSEYE WAS HERE THIS MORNING.
HE TOOK BULLET'S KID.
TO BE CONTINUED...

#45
BULLSEYE RETURNS!
OLD MAN LOGAN
MIKE DEODATO, JR. (AFTER MILLER)
LOPEZ